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OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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George W. Elliff,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Book and Job Printing

Executed with neatness and despatch.

Mr. Withering's Consumption and its Cure.

A DOMESTIC EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY T. HOOD.

CHAPTER I.

'And who was Mr. Withering?

Mr. Withering, gentle reader, was a dry-salter of Dowgate-hill. Not that he dealt in salt, dry or wet,—or, as you might dream, in dry stroke fishing, and finning haddies, like the salesmen of Thames street. The commodities in which he trafficked, wholesale, were chiefly drugs, and dye-woods, a business whereby he had managed to accumulate a moderate fortune. His character was unblemished,—his habits regular and domestic,—but although advanced in years beyond the middle age, he was still a bachelor.

And consumptive. Why then according to Dr. Innes' book, he had hair of a light color, large blue eyes, long eyelashes, white and regular teeth, long fingers with nails contracted or curved, a slender figure, and a fair and blooming countenance.

Not exactly, Miss, Mr. Withering was rather dark—

'Oh yes—as the doctor says, the tuberculous constitution is not confined to persons of sanguineous temperaments and fair complexion. It also belongs to those of a very different appearance. The subjects of this affection are often of a swarthy and dark complexion, with coarse skin, dark hair, dark eyelashes, black eyes, thick upper lip, short fingers, broad nails, and a more robust habit of body, with duller intellect, and a carelessness or less active disposition.'

Nay, that is still not Mr. Withering. To tell the truth, he was not like a consumptive object: not pigeon-breasted, but broad-chested; not emaciated, but as plump as a partridge not hectic in color, but as healthy ruddy as a red-streaked apple; not languid, but as brisk as a bee—in short a comfortable little gentleman, of the Pickwick class, with something quizzical perhaps, but nothing pathetical in his appearance.

'Why, then, what was the matter with the man?'

A decline, madame. Not the rapid decay of nature, so called, but one of these declines which an unfortunate lover has sometimes to endure from the lips of a cruel beauty; for Mr. Withering, though a steady, plodding man of business, in his warehouse or counting house, was in his parlor or study, a rather romantic and sensitive creature, with a strong turn for the sentimental, which he had been nourishing by his course of reading. Chiefly in the poets, and especially such as dealt in love elegies, like his favorite Hammond. Not to forget Sheustone, whom in common with many readers of his standing, he regarded as very ingenuous of sweetness and pathos in expressing the tender passion. Nay, he even ventured occasionally to clothe his own amatory sentiments in verse, and in sundry poems painted his torments by flames and darts other instruments of cruelty, so shockingly, that for certain allegorical touches he might have been thought to be describing the ingenious torture of some poor white captive by a red Indian squaw.

But, alas! his poetry, original or borrowed, was of no more avail than his plain prose, against that petrification which he addressed as a heart, in the bosom of Miss Puckle. He might as well have tried to move all Flintshire by a geological essay; or to have picked his way with a toothpick in a fossil Saurian. The obdurate lady had a soul above trade, and the offer of the dry-salter and lover, with his dying materials, in either line was met by what is called a flat refusal, though it sounded, rather, as if set in a sharp.

"In such cases it is usual for the Rejected One to go into something or rather, the nature which depends on the temperament and circumstances of the individual, and I will give you six guesses, gentle Reader, as to what it was that Mr. Withering went into when he was refused by Miss Puckle."

"Into mourning!" No.

"Into a tantrum?" No.

"Into Serpentine?" No—not into the Thames to sleep in peace at Bugsby's Hole.

"Into the Army or Navy?" No.

"Into a madhouse?" No.

"Into a hermitage?" No—no into a Monastery.

The truth is, he opportunely remembered that his father's great aunt, Diana, after a great disappointment in love, was carried off by Phthisis Pulmonalis; and as the disease is hereditary, he felt morally as well as physically and grammatically, that he must, would, could, should and ought to go like a true Withering into a Consumption.

"And did he, sir?"

He did Miss;—and so resolutely, that he sold off his business at a sacrifice, and retired in order

to devote the rest of his life to dying for Amanda—alias Miss Susan Puckle. And a long job it promised to be, for he gloried in dying very hard and in pinning for her, which of course is not done in a day. And truly, instead of a lover going off at a pop, like Werter, it must be much more satisfactory to a cruel beauty, to see her victim deliriously expiring like a Dolphin, and dying of as many hues,—now crimson with indignation, then looking blue with despondency, then yellow with jaundice, or green with jealousy—and at last fading into a melancholy mud color and thence darkening into the black tinge of dispair and death.

CHAPTER II.

"But did Mr. Withering actually go into a consumption."

As certainly, miss, as a passenger steps off his own accord into an omnibus that is going to Graveston. He had been refused, and had a strong sentimental impression that all the Rejected and Forsaken Martyrs of true love were carried off, sooner or later, by the same insidious disease.—Accordingly his first step was to remove from the too keen air of Pentouville, to the milder climate of Brompton, where he took a small detached house, adapted to the state of single blessedness, to which he was condemned.

His establishment consists but of two female servants; namely, housemaid, and middle aged woman, at once a cook, housekeeper, and the nurse, who professedly belonged to a consumptive family, and therefore knew what was good or bad, or neither, for all pulmonary complaints. Her name was Burton. She was tall, large-boned, and hard featured; with a loud voice, a stern eye, and the decided manner of a military sergeant—a personage adapted, and in fact accustomed, to rule much more refractory patients than her master. It did not indeed require much persuasion to induce him to take to wear "flannel next to his skin," or woolen comforters round his throat and wrists, or even a bare-skin on his chest in an east wind. He was easily led to adopt cork soles and clogs against wet, and even a great coat in cold weather—nay, he was even out talked into putting his jaw into one of these hideous contrivances called Respirators. But this was nothing. He was absolutely compelled to give up all animal food and fermented liquors—to renounce successively his joint stock, his chicken, his calves feet, his drop of brandy, his gin and water, his glass of wine, his bottled porter, his draught ditto, and his ale, down to that bitter, pale sort, that he used to call his Bassa relief. Nor, he was not even allowed to taste the table-beer. He had promised to be consumptive and Mrs Burton took him at his word. As much light pudding, sage, arrow-root tapioca—or gruel—with toast and water, barley-water, whey, or apple-tea as often as he pleased,—but as soon give him "Alick's Acid, or Corrosive Supplement."

To this dictation the patient first submitted, soon submitted. Nothing is more fascinating or dangerous to a man just rejected by a female, than the show of kindness by another of the sex. It restores him to his self-love—nay, to very self—reverses the sentence of social excommunication just pronounced against him, and contradicts the moral annihilation implied in the phrase of being nothing to nobody. A secret well known to the sex, and which explains how so many unfortunate gentlemen, crossed in love, happen to marry the housemaid, the cook, or any kind of creature in petticoats—the first Sister of Charity, black, brown, or carry, who, care a curse—

"Oh! a custard for their appetite, or a compote for their health. Even so with Mr. Withering. He had offered himself from the top of his Brutus to the sole of his shoe to Miss Puckle, who had plump told him that he was not worth having as a gift. And yet here—in the very depth of his humiliation, when he would hardly have ventured to bequeath his rejected body to an anatomical lecturer—here was a female, not merely caring for his person in general, but for parts of it in particular—his poor throat and precious chest, his delicate trachea, his irritable bronchial tubes, and his tender lungs. Nevertheless, no onerous tax was imposed on his gratitude; the only return required—and how could he refuse it?—was his taking a temperance, or rather Total Abstinence Pledge for his own benefit. So he supped his semi-solids and swallowed his slups; merely remarking on one occasion, after a rather rigorous course of barley-water, that if his consumption increased he thought he should try Madeira."

"And did he?"

Yes madam, but very cautiously. That is to say, not by a whole island, but only a bottle at a time.

CHAPTER III.

In the meantime Mr. Withering continued as plump as a partridge, and as rosy as a red-streak apple. No symptoms of the imputed disease made their appearance. He slept well, ate well of sago, &c., drank well of barley-water and the like, and shook hands with a palm not quiet so hard and dry as a dead Palm of the Desert. He had neither hectic flushes nor shortness of breath—nor yet pain in the chest, to which three several physicians, in consultation applied their stethoscopes.

Doctor A.—hearing nothing at all.

Dr. B.—nothing particular.

Dr. C.—nothing wrong.

And Dr. E. distinctly hearing a cad like voice proclaiming all right.

Mr. Withering, nevertheless, was dying—if not of consumption, of emui—the mental weariness of which he mistook for the physical lassitude so characteristic of the other disease. In spite, therefore of the faculty, he clung to the poetical theory that he was a blighted dry-salter withering prematurely on his stem; another vic-

tim of unrequited love, whom the utmost care could retain but a few short months from his cold grave.

A conviction he expressed to posterity in a series of Petrarchian sonnets, and in plain prose to his house-keeper, who only insisted the more rigidly, on what she called her regal rules for his regiment, with the appropriate addition of Iceland Moss. A recipe to which he quietly submitted though obstinately rejecting other prescriptions of provincial origin—namely snails beaten up with milk. In vain she told him from her own experience in Flanders, that they were reckoned not only nourishing but relishing by the Belgians, who alter chopping them up with bread crumbs and sweet herbs, broil them in the shells, in each of which a small hole was made to enable the Flemish epicure to blow out the contents.

Her master decisively set his face against the experiment, alledging plausibly enough, that the operation of snails must be too slow for any galloping complaint.

There was however, one experiment, of which on his own recommendation, Mr. Withering resolved to make a trial—change of air of course involving change of scene. Accordingly packing his best suits and a few changes of linen in his carpetbag, he took an inside place in the Hastings coach, and was whirled down ere night to that favorite Cinque Port. And for the first fortnight, thanks to the bracing yet mild air of the place, which gave tone to his nerves, without injury to his chest, the result exceeded his most or bad, or neither, for all pulmonary complaints. Her name was Burton. She was tall, large-boned, and hard featured; with a loud voice, a stern eye, and the decided manner of a military sergeant—a personage adapted, and in fact accustomed, to rule much more refractory patients than her master.

No, madame—but a promenade, with dry soles, on a bright day in June, and in a balmy air that would not have injured a lung of lawn paper.

CHAPTER IV.

Poor Mr. Withering!

Happy for him had he walked in another direction—up to the Castle, or down to the beach—but had he only bent his steps westward to Harlington, or Bexhill, or eastward to Fairlight or to the fish ponds—but his sentimental bias would carry him towards Lover's Sea,—and there on the seat itself—he beheld his lost Amanda, or rather Miss Puckle, or still more properly, Mrs. Drysdegeur, who, with her bridegroom, had come to spend the honeymoon at green Hastings. The astounded Drysdegeur stood agast and aghast at the unexpected encounter; but the lady, cold and cutting as the east wind, vouchsafed no sign of recognition.

The effect of this meeting was a new shock to his system. He felt at the very moment, that he had a hectic flush, hot and cold fits, with palpitation at the heart,—and his disease set in again increased severity. Yes, he was a doomed man and might at once betake himself to the last resource of the consumptive.

"Not," he said, "not that all the ass's milk in England would lengthen his years."

Impressed with this conviction, and heartily disgusted with Hastings, he repacked his carpetbag, and returned by the first coach to London fully convinced, whatever the pater of the Rocket or the nature of the road, that he was going very fast, and all down hill.

CHAPTER V.

It was about ten o'clock at night when Mr. Withering arrived at his own residence in Brompton; but although there was a light in the parlor, a considerable time elapsed before he could obtain admittance.

At last, after repeated knocking and ringing, the street door opened and disclosed Mrs. Button, who welcomed her master with an agitation which he attributed at once to his unexpected return, and the marked change for the worse, which of course was visible in his face.

"Yes, you may well be shocked—but here pay attention, and shut the door, for I am in a draught. You may well be shocked and alarmed, for I am looking, I know like death—but, bless me, Mrs. Button, the house smells very savory!"

"It's the drains as you sniff sir," said the house-keeper; "they always do smell strong afore rain."

"Yes, we shall have wet weather, I believe—and it may be the drains—though I never smelt anything in my life so like fried beef steaks and onions?"

"I'm afraid, madam, that is all the while snug in the churn, resided to my late, when down on my ill-fated head came a pail full of cream—I held my breath as it had passed, and then breathed again hoping it had finished here—but no—in came another, and another—there I sat up to the chin in milk; one bucket more, and I should have been a drowned man! I hit upon something at last. Just as the deadly fourth was impending, I leapt from the top of the churn all besmeared with cream, shaking myself, and making the most diabolical faces the human visage could form. It had the desired effect; the maid fearing the trick, screamed out, the devil was in the butter-milk! and ran up stairs."

The person and his wife scammed into the kitchen, tumbling heels over head, over each other. I took the time—jumped off the churning, out of the window, and did not look behind me until I arrived safe at home."

Thus ended my adventure with the dairy maid. A story got among the preacher's superstitious flock, that the devil had risen from the churning, and accused him of impudently breaking the Sabbath."

The maiden then asked if the small churn would not do.

"Not a whit! not a whit! the large churn will work more at a time."

"Dear ma'am! I have always been bro't up to keep the Sabbath sacred."

"Tut, tut! replied the dame, as the parson entered, 'here, my dear, this wench will not chuse a housemaid!'

"Out upon ye!—do you think if I got my mare into my bog this morning that I would not take her out because it's Sunday? push! go make your butter, I say!"

And the entreaties of the poor girl were in vain; she was obliged to do the bidding of her superiors.

I sat all the while snug in the churning, resided to my late, when down on my ill-fated head came a pail full of cream—I held my breath as it had passed, and then breathed again hoping it had finished here—but no—in came another, and another—there I sat up to the chin in milk; one bucket more, and I should have been a drowned man! I hit upon something at last. Just as the deadly fourth was impending, I leapt from the top of the churn all besmeared with cream, shaking myself, and making the most diabolical faces the human visage could form. It had the desired effect; the maid fearing the trick, screamed out, the devil was in the butter-milk! and ran up stairs."

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Thus ended my adventure with the dairy maid. A story got among the preacher's superstitious flock, that the devil had risen from the churning, and accused him of impudently breaking the Sabbath."

The parson himself really believing it was the devil, never again attempted to make butter on the Sabbath.

THE DEVIL IN THE BUTTER-MILK.

During my stay in Ireland, being on a visit to a friend, I was captivated by the 'cherry cheeks and tempting lips' of a young dairy maid, whom I often saw pass the house where I resided, enquired her name and residence, and found that she lived with a Protestant Parson, who, besides preaching the doctrine of the Gospel, kept a very extensive farm. After a few side-walks at this pretty damsel, I determined to make her a visit during the time the preacher delivered his twice told sermon. I went accordingly as soon as I saw his dame enter the church.

It is needless to tell the many soft words I whispered into her ear; suffice to say, I found her just as I should wish; but unluckily, love is so insensible to everything, but its own genial feelings that I rather overstay my time.

We were aroused from our pleasant chat by

the arrival of the old man and his wife thundering at the door for admittance. What was to be done? there was not the usual retreat for lovers—a back door—to leap from either of the windows would have been to plunge into the jaws of the lion.

"For heaven's sake, my dear, cramp me where you will," cried I. "I would n't have the parson catch me here for the world!"

"I'm out of my wits!" said she, "let me see, I have it—get into the big churn, pointing to a large churn that stood in the corner of the room,)—be quick, do, for my sake; they'll not suspect your being there for they never use it on Sundays."

In I jumped, and in a moment was in utter darkness she having put on the lid. In this situation I overheard what passed.

The parson and his wife came in, the latter not without scolding the maid for keeping them so long at the door, who said she was asleep and all was well.

The old lady then told the maid that she must immediately put the cream into the large churn, and go to work, for it was expected there would be a scarcity of butter in a little while, and they had better make the best use of their time.

"Lud, ma'am," said the frightened girl, "would you break the Sabbath?"

"Break the Sabbath you jade? there is no harm in working on Sunday, when we're brought to it by necessity; put the cream in, I say!"

The maiden then asked if the small churn would not do.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, DECEMBER 19, 1843.

"The great popular party is already called almost *en masse* around the banner which is leading the people in its march. The banner will be soon to call us all under its ample folds. On that banner is inscribed: **FREE TRADE; LOW DUTIES; NO DUTY; SEPARATION FROM BANKS; ECONOMY; RE-EXEMPTION; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION.** Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious; and if the principles be faithfully and firmly adhered to, after it is achieved, much will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country." —*Calhoun.*

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

CANVASS OF THE VOTES FOR REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS.

THIRD DISTRICT.

Whole number of votes	7,133
Necessary to a choice	3,567
Luther Severance	3,799
Samuel Wells	2,700
South May	621
Scattering	13

FOURTH DISTRICT.

Whole number of votes	7,060
Necessary to a choice	3,581
Freeman H. Morse	3,546
Charles Andrews	2,701
C. C. Cone	348
J. G. Cole	160
Scattering	305

FIFTH DISTRICT.

Whole number of votes	4,180
Necessary to a choice	2,091
Benjamin White	1,762
Ebenezer Hutchinson	920
John True	330
Jesse Smart	402
Henry McCrillis	327
Scattering	429

SEVENTH DISTRICT.

Whole number of votes	4,595
Necessary to a choice	2,268
Shepard Cary	2,168
Thomas Robinson	1,988
Hezekiah Williams	109
S. M. Pond	100
Scattering	170

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

MAIL ROBBERY. A great Mail robbery took place on Friday week between Albany and New York near Hudson. The Mail bag was found in the river cut open, and many of the letters robbed of their contents. The robber has been discovered and put in jail. A list of contents shows about \$8,988 in bills was sent from Albany to New York.

WING PROTEST. The Protest of the whig members against those gentlemen being entitled to seats who were elected by general ticket has been struck from the Journal. Yeas 92, Nays 82.

REPEAL. Mr. O'Connell has drawn up an Address to the Queen to be signed by all the Repealers of Ireland. It protests against the Military array which now infests Ireland; and the Proclamation which dispersed the Clontarf meeting.

The whigs are really surprised to witness the harmony of the Democrats in the organization of the House of Representatives. They are wofully disappointed.

Morse is elected in this District by fifteen majority. The Governor was not present when the votes were counted, consequently the count cannot be called official; yet it is, no doubt, correct. The Council were to meet at Damariscotta last week when Morse probably received his certificate of election.

ANOTHER BRITISH CLAIM. The British Commander at Vancouver claims a site in Oregon clearly within the jurisdiction of the United States. This site is near the falls of the Willamette and has recently been settled by emigrants from the Western States. This British Commander warns the Americans not to interfere with his pretensions. He claims the site by right of discovery. What modest people these Englishmen are!

Snow Storm. A heavy storm accompanied with a moderate wind from the North East occurred here on Sunday and Monday.

ASSURANCE. The man of the Bulletin speaks thus of certain fashionable garments now in vogue:—

"In our last we alluded to the ladies' fashions for this season. To escape the charge of partiality, we herewith give the late fashions in regard to gentlemen's wearing apparel. There are several descriptions of outside garments worn. The Greek sack is much in vogue, a sort of outside shirt or bug with sleeves—which, in case the material be of a drab or light mixt color—both decidedly *au fait*—gives the wearer the appearance of a walking meal bag.—Close sacks and short cloaks are much in favor. For trimmings are only known to old standards."

The Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, says:—

"Another difficult case of a contested election has arisen. Mr. Gilmer, of Va., brought a certificate of election from the Sheriff. But to-day, Mr. Goggin has arrived with a certificate from the same authority. It seems that Gilmer was returned by an error in counting; and that Mr. Goggin's majority is three votes."

"The Oregon question bids fair to excite as many other that can be brought before Congress, at this session. The North-West goes strongly for the adoption of Mr. Linn's bill providing for the immediate occupation of the territory, at the hazard of a war with Great Britain."

"That's a smart fellow," said one, "how do you make that out?" said the other, "why he has been living for the last two years to my knowledge without earning a penny."

THE MESSAGE.

We have not had time to give this document a critical review. From the examination, however, that we have been able to devote to it, we are convinced that it cannot fail to be, as a whole, generally acceptable. It is beautifully written, as indeed are all that come from President Tyler's pen.

The recommendation of the Executive to settle the Oregon question forthwith will find a response in the heart of every true American. England has usurped enough; let her learn that in this instance she must turn back. The United States should cease to regard her piratical claims. The Oregon is ours by right, and should be fully and formally taken possession of. There are thousands ready to emigrate to that beautiful and fertile territory, as soon as they are satisfied that government will protect them. The people demand the immediate and final adjustment of this matter; and Congress should never adjourn till that demand has been met. Daily Amer.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

This document we publish in this week's paper. It is well written—chaste in style, and clothed in beautiful language. It is free from party bearing, and discusses the several topics it takes up with apparent fairness and candor. The President's views upon the subject of a National Bank are such as were maintained by him in his last annual message, and are, in our humble opinion, correct and worthy of consideration. He does not, as it was supposed he would, recommend in plain and distinct language the annexation of Texas to the Union, though he thinks the unjust and inhuman war Mexico is waging upon that nation, should be stopped by national interference. His remarks upon this subject are philanthropic, yet perhaps it may be questionable whether it is advisable to interfere as a people with the disputes of foreign powers. In relation to the Tariff, the President is not very decided, though he intimates that no one section or interest should desire protection at the expense of the other. He earnestly recommends a large appropriation for the improvement of the Navy; and suggests to Congress, the propriety of taking some measures to promote a more perfect organization of the Militia. Our relations with Foreign States is spoken of in flattering terms. We are at peace with the whole world, prosperity reigns throughout our land. Taken as a whole, the message may be said to be unobjectionable. We advise all to read it. Maine Inq.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The most of our readers have doubtless, already perused the message of President Tyler, which we published in our paper of yesterday, which did not accompany its publication with the customary notice of contents. As every one must already have observed, it is a document of considerably less length than usual for State papers of that class. The annexation of Texas which was supposed would be urged in the message, but contrary to expectation, nothing is said to that effect. It refers however, to the relations subsisting between Mexico and Texas and to the hostile attitude of the former towards the United States; and recommends that Mexico be required to bring the dispute with Texas to a close.

The Treasury note project is again urged by the President; and the difficulties in regard to the Post Office, briefly touched upon. The Oregon question is likewise adverted to, and a recommendation made to establish military posts along the line of communication with the United States; and recommends that Mexico be required to bring the dispute with Texas to a close.

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The receipts of government for 1843 exclusive of loans, was \$18,000,000, and the expenditures \$23,000,000. The balance in the Treasury on the 1st of October last has been absorbed by appropriations, and there will be a probable deficiency of \$2,000,000, at the end of the fiscal year.

Altogether the message is a document quite creditable to the Executive. It is well written, moderate in tone and not calculated to give much dissatisfaction in any quarter.

N. Y. Plebeian.

The President's message was received here, by this morning's mail. It was brought by Government express from Washington to New York city, in about ten hours, arriving at the latter place at a quarter before 12 o'clock, on Tuesday night last. It reached here in 57 hours from Washington.

We have delayed our paper for the purpose of furnishing the message to our readers in this number. We have, of course, no time for comment this week. The Journal of Commerce says of it:—"Take it all in all, we think it is the best Message which has emanated from President Tyler's pen."—Augusta Age.

THE ANNEXATION.—Governor Hammond of South Carolina, urges the annexation of Texas to the Union, as wise and politic, in his annual message. He says "The true interests of Texas and of this country demand that she should be annexed to this Union; and it is to be hoped that ere long this will be done." At all events he says our government should resist the ratification of any such treaty as that rumored to be embryo between Texas and Great Britain.

Liberal Charity. Mr. Wm. Appleton, of Boston has given to the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital the sum of \$10,000, the income of which is to be expended in behalf of such patients of the McLean Asylum for the insane, as have not the means of remaining there for an entire cure.

"Father, what does the printer live on?" "Why my child?" "You said you had not paid him for two or three years, and yet you have his paper every week!"—Exchange paper.

Congressional.

In the Senate, on Wednesday, Dec. 6th, nothing of importance was done.

In the House, a long and desultory debate took place about entering upon the journal the protest of the whigs against admitting to seat members from those States that had elected by general ticket, and was finally postponed until the next day.

At a late hour, the House proceeded, viva voce, to the election of a clerk.

The result of the first ballot was as follows:

Whole number of votes 190; necessary to a choice, 86; of which, Mr. McNulty received 125, and Mr. Mathew St. Clair Clarke, 66.

So Mr. McNulty, having received a majority of all the votes polled, was declared to be duly elected clerk of this house, and the oath of office was administered by the speaker.

Mr. C. J. Ingalls, in pursuance of notice heretofore given, asked and obtained leave to introduce a bill to refund the fine imposed on General Andrew Jackson.

The bill was read twice by its title, referred to a committee of the whole house, made the order of the day for to-morrow and ordered to be printed.

In the Senate, Thursday, December 7, the president pro tem. submitted to the Senate a report of the expenditures of the post office department for the year ending July 1, 1841, and the year ending July 1, 1842, which was ordered to be laid on the table.

The Senate adjourned until Monday next.

In the House, the petition of John M. Botts, contesting the seat of Mr. Jones, the speaker, was presented, and also the petition of Mr. Goggin, contesting the seat of Mr. Gilmer, of Virginia.

The election of printer was then gone into, a resolution having first been adopted, reducing the prices 15 per cent. below those of 1819. The result of the voting was as follows:

For Blair & Rives, 124; Gales & Seaton, 62; Jacob Gideon, 1.

So Blair & Rives were declared to be duly elected printers to the House of Representatives.

Rufus K. Lane was then elected Sergeant-at-arms, and Jesse E. Dow door keeper.

Mr. Parmenter submitted a motion directing the speaker to appoint the standing committees of the house, but before the question was taken, the Speaker arose, and having alluded to the fact that a petition had been presented, contesting his right to a seat, requesting the House not to expect from the motion for the speaker to appoint committees, the appointment of the committee of elections.

The resolution was modified accordingly, and was agreed to.

Mr. Tyler moved that the committee on elections be appointed by the gentleman [Mr. Beardley] then temporarily occupying the speaker's chair. This motion, after considerable debate, was agreed to.

Several executive communications were presented to the House, and were ordered to be printed; and then the House adjourned until Monday next.

HARMONY AT WASHINGTON.

The union of action in the democratic ranks at the capitol is a most cheering indication. The harmonious election of Speaker is the first peal of thunder. We trust it will be followed up until every Clay whig in the land shall be satisfied that the prospect of ever placing their leader in the presidential chair is utterly hopeless. A few more such *passe*s and whiggery will be put into a twenty years sleep. *Union forever!* It is our strong fortress. With it we can conquer Henry Clay or any other man; without it we should be powerless.—Port Am.

The first account which we have of Cherry, (which name we use, as names are very convenient,) she was offered in the Brighton market, by a man who pretended that he brought her from "Down East;" that she was a fine cow, having no fault, and he would not part with her on any account, but for his making a change in business, and giving up farming. He sold her for thirty dollars. The purchaser found her of a bad temper, in constant motion when attempts were made to milk her, and she would not generally give down her milk. He sold her to a man who knew her faults, for \$22.

He kept her four months, and then sold her in the Brighton Market for the same that he gave. Next week Cherry was again in the same market, with a calf, which was purchased for one dollar, to give her the appearance of a new milch cow. They were both sold for \$35.

The man who sold her last, bought her again in the Brighton market the next week, at what price we do not know. He swapped her away even, for a cow for which the owner had two months before paid him \$60. Then the last owner but one got her back by swapping for her a cow for which he paid \$16. Then Cherry was again in the Brighton market, in about one year from her first appearance there, according to this sketch. She was sold for \$30.

She was in the same market the four succeeding Mondays—whether sold or not we cannot tell. And here our history ends, as our informant traced her no further. Boston Cult.

A New way to frighten Rats.—A friend informs us, says the editor of the Thomaston Recorder, that he has discovered a new way to frighten rats. He says that he was so much disturbed one night by their gnawing at the partition of his sleeping apartment that he arose and filled up the hole they were making. But this was of no avail; they returned with a reinforcement and renewed the work with redoubled vigor. He then hung his watch over the hole, and in a few minutes they dispersed, and he has not heard one since.

The number of letters which annually pass through the U. S. Post Office is twenty four millions and a half.

ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA.

The Royal Mail Steamship Acadia, arrived at Boston on the 6th inst., after a passage of less than seventeen days from Liverpool. The news brought by her, is not very important.

IRELAND. All is in a state of quiet. The trials of the repeal agitators, it is through will be abandoned. The plea of abatement to the indictments put in by O'Connell—grounded on an informality in the proceedings before the grand jury, where the evidence was not taken on oath as it ought to have been, will it is said be held good by the Court of King's bench. If however the trials should proceed, it is stated in the Times, that the defendants have 30,000 witnesses to examine! Daniel O'Connell, Jr., read the draft of an address to the Queen before the Repeal Association, protesting against the military array by which the Clontarf proclamation was supported, which was adopted: and which is to be signed and presented by each parish in Ireland. Mr. O'Connell then proposed another address, which, with the permission of a committee, he had prepared himself: it was, in point of fact, an address to the Protestants of Ireland, though it purported to be generally "to the people of Ireland;" and it was intended to combat the notion that

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, Esq.—December 13, 1843.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday the twentieth day of January next at one o'clock P.M., at the office of Jairus S. Kiell, Esq., in Oxford, all the right, in equity of redemption which William Wardwell has to redeem a certain tract or parcel of land on which he now lives, situated in said Oxford and bounded as follows, viz.: Westerly by Otisfield line, Southerly by Thomson Pond, Easterly by Greely Brook, as called, and being the same premises mortgaged by said Wardwell to Ebenezer R. Holmes of said Oxford by deed January 25th 1811, to secure the payment of \$253.62, with interest annually, for a more particular description reference is had to said deed, recorded with Oxford Records, Book 60, Page 370.

A.S. THAYER, Jr., Deputy Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, Esq.—November 27th, 1843.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public auction on Saturday the twentieth day of December next at one o'clock P.M., at the office of Jairus S. Kiell, Esq., in Oxford, all the right, in equity of redemption which Solomon H. Morse has to redeem certain tracts or parcels of land situated in Oxford in said County, and known as the Craigie Farm, containing six hundred and sixty acres more or less, and the same on which said Morse now lives and being the same more or less he had on the twenty-first day of February last and on the third day of June last when the same was attached on the original write, the same being subject to the following mortgages, to wit: a part of the aforesaid premises being all that part of the land laying on the West side of the road leading from Craigie's Mills as called, in Oxford, over the Allen Hill to Norway village, with the buildings thereon mortgaged to John Welch of said Oxford, Deed dated June 1811, to secure payment of twenty eight hundred dollars principal, plus five years from June 7th 1814 with interest annually, and also another mortgage including all the aforesaid Craigie Farm, to Charles Tufts of Cambridge, in the county of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Mass., to secure the payment of four thousand dollars payable in four annual installments from the seventh day of June 1811 with interest annually. For a more particular description, reference is had to the aforesaid Deeds recorded with the Oxford Records, Book 61, page 406—407—414, and 415.

A.S. THAYER, Jr., Deputy Sheriff.

Notice of Foreclosure.

ON the sixteenth day of October in the year eighteen hundred and forty, Solomon Doble, 2d, of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, made and executed to me, the subscriber, a mortgage deed of a certain piece of land situated in said Buckfield, being gore lot number eleven, lying in ranges number six and seven, in said Buckfield, conditioned for the payment of certain notes of hand, hereinafter mentioned, which deed is recorded in the Oxford Registry of deeds whereof reference may be had. The condition of said mortgage deed has been broken, by reason whereof I claim to foreclose the same. ADDISON G. COLE.

Buckfield, Nov. 15, 1843.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Ephraim H. Brown of Norway in the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty, did convey to me the subscriber, in mortgage a certain piece of land situated at the Steep Falls, so called, in said Norway, viz: one undivided half of the following described premises, beginning at the Northwestern corner of land formerly owned by Ephraim Barrows on the Easterly side of the road, and Southerly of the Steep Falls, thence by said road, North thirteen degrees East six rods to the stream at said Falls, thence up said stream to the Westerly side of the dam, on the Easterly side of said bridge, thence North to the middle of said stream, thence down the middle of said stream until a South line will pass twenty feet below the Easterly end of the gristmill, thence on said South line to said land lately owned by said Barrows, thence by said Barrows' land to first mentioned bounds together with the buildings on the same—and whereas the condition is broken in said mortgage, I hereby give notice of the same, and claim possession of said premises and to foreclose said mortgage agreeably to law.

STEPHEN GREENLEAF, Jr.
Norway, November 11, 1843.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS John Millett, Jr. of Norway in the County of Oxford, on the eighteenth day of March in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty by his deed of mortgage of that date conveyed to James F. Carter, then in full life but since deceased, Lot of land numbered thirteen in that part of said Norway called Lee's Grant, containing ninety-five acres, more or less, to secure the payment of a certain note therin described; for a more particular description of the premises and condition thereof reference being had to the record of said deed in the Oxford Registry, Book 50, Page 180, and the condition of said deed having been broken: By reason whereof the undersigned Administratrix of said Carter's estate claims a foreclosure of said mortgaged premises pursuant to the statute in such cases provided. HARRIET R. CARTER, Administratrix, By L. Stowell, her Attorney,

Paris, November 10, 1843.

2w32

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' ACCOUNTS.

County of Oxford to James Osgood as County Commissioner, Dr.

1842—November 15th. To travel from Fryeburg to Abbott's in Rumford and back to Fryeburg, on petition of Alvan Bolster—\$13.00

To 6 days viewing and hearing parties, 15.00

Nov. 22. To travel to Denmark to adjourn on petition of Nath'l Head & others, 14 m. each way 2.50

Dec. 6th. To travel from Fryeburg to Widow Smith's on petition of Nath'l Head & others, 14 m. 1.40

To 4 days viewing the parties and locating, 10.00

To travel to Fryeburg—14 miles 1.40

To 5 days viewing, hearing the parties and locating, 12.50

To travel to Fryeburg—40 miles 4.00

To travel from Fryeburg to Hobbs' in Norway on petition of Selection of Norway for discontinuance—10 miles 4.00

To 5 days viewing, hearing the parties and locating, 12.50

To travel to Fryeburg—40 miles 4.00

To travel from Fryeburg to Hobbs' in Norway on petition of Selection of Norway for discontinuance—10 miles 4.00

To 1 day viewing and hearing parties 2.50

To 1 day completing location on Hawkin's pet. 2.50

To travel to Fryeburg—40 miles 4.00

To travel to Fryeburg to Putnam's in Rumford on petition of Look & others—46 miles 4.60

To 1 day attendance 2.50

To travel to Fryeburg—46 miles 4.60

To 6 days viewing, hearing parties, and 3.10

County of Oxford to Jonathan B. Smith, Dr.

For services as County Commissioner.

1842—Nov. 21. To travel from Norway to East Rumford and back on petition of Alvan Bolster and others—60 miles \$6.00

To 6 days viewing, hearing parties and locating on said petition 3.10

To 1 day viewing, hearing parties and locating on said petition 2.50

To travel from Greenwood to Norway on the petition of Samuel B. Locke & others, 16 ms 1.60

To 3 days viewing, hearing parties and locating on said petition 2.50

Attendance on said petition 1.60

To cash paid for ferrings 2.50

Dec. 9. To travel from Norway to Denmark and back on petition of Nath'l Head and others—44 miles 4.40

To 4 days viewing, hearing parties and locating on said petition 10.00

17th. To travel from Norway to Oxford and back on petition of Henry Hawkins agent for the town of Oxford—12 miles 1.20

To 4 days viewing, hearing parties and locating on said petition 10.00

To 1 day travel from Norway Village to Dan'l Hobbs'—16 miles 1.60

To 1 day viewing and hearing parties on said petition 2.50

18th. To travel from Norway to Locke's Mills in Greenwood and back on petition of Samuel B. Locke and others—25 miles 3.20

To 1 day attendance on said petition 2.50

19th. To 1 day making up Reports 3.75

10.00

\$112.25

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